



THE HISTORIE OF Henry the fourth.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of VVest-
merland, with others.

King.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Finde we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breath short winded accents of new broiles,
To be commen't in stronds a farre remote:
No more the thirsty entrance of this soile,
Shall dawbe her lips with her own childrens blood.
No more shall trenching warre channell her fields,
Nor bruise her flourets with the armed hooves
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one substance bred;
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke,
And furious close of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall welbeseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and all eyes,
The edge of war, like an ill sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master: therefore friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose souldier now vnder whose blessed crosse,
We are impresled and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we leuy,
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,
To chase these Pagans in those holy fieldes,
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed feet,

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